

The Poet's Corner.

MY LITTLE WIFE.
BY DAVID WINGATE.

My little wife often aro'nd the church-hill,
Sweet little, dear little, nest-footed Jane,
Walked slowly, and lonely, and thoughtful, until
The auroreus bell chimes its call o'er the
plain.

And nothing seemed sweeter
To me than to meet her,
And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,
My heart the while glowing.

That all her affections were hidden in me,
My wife were (it strange, but yet it is true)
Sweet little, dear little, love-trodden Jane,
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreams grew.

The bell chimed and ceased, though she heard
not its strain;

I walking near her,
(My love ever cheer her,

Who thinks all such wakings of sin and
tree?

Strove hard to persuade her
That he who had made her
Had destined her heart—no for one but me.

Little wife—well, perhaps that was strange—
Sweet little, dear little, love-trodden Jane,

Sat on the hillside, her shadow grew long,
Not tired of the preacher that thus could detail.

I agreed so neatly,
And proved so completely,

That none but poor Andrew her husband could
be.

She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,

And owned that she loved and wold wed none
but me.

Ladies' Department.

Wishes for the Massachusetts Farmers.

OUR FARM OF TEN ACRES

We lived once in the city,

But had a pretty, convenient house and
were thoroughly comfortable, until some evil

of "Flea, Earwig, &c." which gave her a

peculiar, feverish, feverish, feverish, feverish,

feverish, feverish, feverish, feverish, feverish,